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THE BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, JUNE 23 1864

MUSIC.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, music! gentle music!
There's magic in thy strain;
Come where thou wilt, in lady's bower,
Or on the battle plain,
The wild harp hath a witching spell
About its silver strings;
Can aught on earth excel the charm
Of its pensive breathing flings?
'Tis music's, gentle music's power,
That steals the listening soul away,
Till man, entranced in rapturous dream,
Forgets he wears a form of clay.

Oh, music! stirring music!
I have seen the war-steed rest,
With dust upon his tired limbs,
And white foam on his chest;
Stretched quivering with many a wound,
Upon the red soil lying,
His rider leaves him, for he deems
The gallant charger dying;
But hark! he hears the trumpet's blast,
He starts, he shakes his clotted mane;
Music, bold music! fires his blood,
And brings him to the ranks again.

Oh, music! mighty music!
Thou art all of bliss on earth;
Thou givest the lover's moonlight tale
And poet's song their birth.
There's not a heart, however rude,
However base it be,
But hath some slender string that yields
An answering tone to thee!
With promised music heaven allures,
With golden harps, and chorons' love;
Rejoice then—thou that we have loved
A foretaste of the bliss above!

ECCLAS.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

Close beside the haunted river
'Neath the forest trees,
Where the drooping leaflets quiver
In the summer breeze,
Stood an Indian maiden, gazing
On the water's flow,
Listening with a saddened spirit
To its murmur low.

Sweeping back the jetty ringlets
From her forehead high,
While a shade of sorrow rested,
In her lighted eye;
Good she sadly 'mid the murmur
Of the waters deep,
And her tones of anguish awakened
Echoes from their sleep.

"Face thee well thou false one! never
Wilt thou meet me more,
When the shadows nightly gather,
By the haunted shore;
When the winds and waters mingle,
'Neath the star-lit dome,
Thou wilt miss the gentle-hearted,
From her forest home.

"Face thee well with one more lovely
Wilt thou wander off,
Where the golden ripples murmur
'Neath the sky so soft;
And her voice of pure affection
Whispering unto thee,
Oft wilt sit within thy bosom,
Thoughts—sad thoughts of me."

Pale and sad, she ceased her pining
To the water deep;
And she plonched beneath its bosom,
Where the Naiads sleep;
Slow the parted wave closed o'er her,
And she sank below,
Where no sorrow ever cometh,
And is known no woe.

Now as then the breeze murmurs
Through the forest lone;
And the river rolleth onward
With its sullen moan;
But the dark-eyed maiden resteth
'Neath the darkling wave,
Where the Fauns and Genii ever,
Chant above her grave.

And when moon-beams softly quiver
On the silent tide,
Comes a voice of sadness ever
From the waters wide;
And upon the river's bosom
Reeds a fairy bark,
Sweeping with its spirit-burden,
O'er the billows dark.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* rejoices in the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church has forever excluded slavery from her borders. Suppose slaveholders should go to Heaven, what will these saints do—ask permission to go to the other place?—*Louisville Jour.*

TERM OF SERVICE EXTENDED.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church North at its session in Philadelphia have extended the term of service of Methodist clergymen, at each station, to three years instead of one and two as heretofore.

How the American System May Be Re-Established.

From the Hillsborough (O.) Gazette.

Heretofore, we have presented to the consideration of the public, the absolute, complete and final dissolution of the Federal Union, and that over the people of the Northern States, a vast and irresponsible military government had been established, while attempting, *vi et armis*, to maintain the integrity of territorial domains, in coercing sovereign States to remain in the confederation of the United States, against their consent.

The system has been sacrificed to maintain broad acres of territory. We forgot land was nothing compared to our glorious form of government. In contemplating these stern realities which ordinary thinkers will be slow to comprehend, that the Union is absolutely dead, care must be exercised not to confound, the simple dissolution of the Federal Union, which was an artificial structure, with the immortal and self-evident principles upon which the old system of States united was founded.

The glorious and admirable theory can never die. It will survive the crash of worlds and the power of Empires reared on the colossal ruins of our once glorious Republic.

No one can vie with us in filial devotion to the American system of politics, but it is idle, to allow our love of the glorious old Union of sovereign States, to cling, in vain, to the casket that gave us such high admiration for the Federal system, when through gross, huge, blind arrogance and stupid folly, madness, fanaticism and sham civilization, we laid violent and impious hands on the material fabric, rent it in twain and burned it in its own most precious blood.

The whole material system lies in ruins, "disheveled fragments of a once glorious Union," "States dismembered, beligerent," the whole land drenched with fraternal blood.

"The thing that has been is the thing that shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."

These cardinal principles still live in the hearts of earnest patriots, who if entrusted with power would end the horrible revolution attempting to be forced on the people of the South as well as our own—we mean the war-seceded States—immediately, by returning to the old theory: "Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Peace restored, we would invite the people of all the States to a Convention, to consider the propriety of a Union, upon such conditions as would be most likely to secure the peace, safety and general welfare of all. All, or nearly all, of the States could agree upon a plan of union acceptable to the people of each. Thus a new union would be established on the old theory of consent.

The success of the Democratic party on a State Rights basis would secure this political condition to the American people, when anxious to maintain the American system intact, every inducement would be held out, to induce the people of the several States to meet in Convention by delegates, to consider a plan of union offensive and defensive, to be submitted to THE PEOPLE, of each State for acceptance or rejection, as our fathers did the present Constitution. This would leave the whole question in the hands of the people of the several States, WHERE OF RIGHT IT BELONGS, all "just powers" being derived from the consent of sovereign communities. Whatever the decision might be, it would be final and conclusive, until the people themselves saw fit to repeal it.

The people of those States who are favorable to republican institutions, would as a matter of course, decide in favor of any good confederation capable of securing to them their liberties and independence. The States thus agreeing to a new confederation would be governed by a constitution defining, explicitly, the powers and duties of the new union, which like the old one, would continue operative so long as it proved capable of securing the objects for which it was established, and continued to be administered in good faith. Those States refusing to join such Union, would be at liberty to govern themselves as they think best. Call this reconstruction if you choose, it is the only principle upon which the American system can ever be re-established on this continent. Tremble, as weak minds may, at its contemplation, time will demonstrate its correctness. The failure to adopt this method of self-preservation will inevitably establish a despotism over us.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION which nominated Abraham Lincoln must have been a remarkably interesting affair. It was composed of genuine negroes, bankrupt Yankee adventurers, broken backed proslavery men, the full-blooded miscegenists, spavined political hacks, wind-blown Maine law men, partisan plug-uglies, hypocritical blatherskittes named war democrats, Yankee judges, witch-burners, tax-gatherers, treasury robbers, provost marshals, post masters, etc., etc.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing."
—*Sandusky News.*

Wife, I am to live but a few hours at most—I shall soon be in heaven.
"You—you'll never be any nearer than you are now, you old brute! You'd look well stuck up in heaven—I think I see you now."

"Dolphus! Dolphus!" hoarsely growled the old man, "bring me my cane, and let me larrup the old trollop once more before I die."

GERMAN PRONUNCIATION.—The Germans give b the sound of p. Hence, when a German means to say "Old Abe" he says "Old Ape." We must admit that the Germans pronounce correctly in speaking of the smutty old jokers.

BAD FOR STRAGGLERS.—A letter from General Grant's army, of Friday, says stragglers and cowards are being taken in hand and summarily shot. Several instances of deserting colors in the presence of the enemy are yet to act on.

THE FIRE-SIDE.—The fire-side is a sanctuary of infinite importance.

It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enmeshed upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and a much more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone and freshness, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fire-side—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

WE clip the following articles from the *Owensboro Monitor*:

DEPARTURE OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.—A few nights since 80 negroes, enlisted at this place, were shipped by one of the steamers up the river. On Monday 160 more departed on the "Star Grey Eagle"—making 240 sent from this point. The captain of the Eagle received his ebony freight in a somewhat ungracious manner, swearing to the soldier who bore the order to convey them that "they should stand, lay, eat and that shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun."

SENSIBLE DARKIES.—Several weeks ago a number of negroes left this town and county for the land of the free—over the river. Several of these have recently returned home, greatly disgusted with the "free niggerdom," asking their way back to the "land of the free." One says he saw in Philadelphia a hospital half a mile long, full of wounded darkies. That being more than he contracted for in his enlistment, he beat a hasty retreat, and arrived at his "old base of operations and supplies" in good order, and is now stripping tobacco a wiser, and, we hope, a better nigger. Another was politely invited to "join the army" in Indiana, but having no fancy for military life he diligently sought his old quarters in Owensboro, and now hears unmoved the stirring call among his colored brothers: "To arms! to arms, ye nigs."

WE find the following in the Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune:

NEGRO RECRUITING IN KENTUCKY. Adj. Gen. Thomas will be in Kentucky next week, and two silver eagles will take an unusually high flight, and then the slaves of Kentucky will be gathered in by the great recruiter with a rake that will not leave a county unvisited. The epoch of pro-slavery bluster, Border State sneaking and military slave-driving is at an end. The negroes of Kentucky have got to fight for the Union. General Thomas goes down with plebeian powers, and carries in his pocket, to start with, the organization of three regiments, the names of qualified officers who have passed Casey's board. Sixteen regiments of Kentucky blacks will swell our ranks in a few weeks.

KITCHEN WORK.—Many young ladies in our day look on kitchen work as so much drudgery, to be shunned whenever possible. It may possibly inspire some of them to better thought, to know that the royal family department as an important womanly virtue.

An exchange says: But Queen Victoria, the highest gentleman in the land, did, down to the lamented death of the Prince, pay daily visits of inspection to her kitchen, pantry, confectionery, still-room, and was proud of and did show those rooms to her visitors when staying at the castle; and, carrying out the recognized principle of female duty, model kitchens were constructed at Windsor and Osborne, where all the princesses, from the eldest downwards, have passed a portion of each day in acquiring a knowledge of the various duties of domestic economy in the management of a household. In their model kitchen, the princesses have daily practiced the art of cookery and also confectionery in all its various branches. There is a small store room adjoining each kitchen, where each princess in turn gives out the stores, weighing or measuring each article, and making an entry thereof in a book kept for the purpose. Besides which, the princesses make bread; and that is not all—they have a dairy where they churn butter and make cheese.

WORTH CONSIDERING.—Mr. Lincoln has, first and last, called into the service since the commencement of the war, two million three hundred and seventy-three thousand seven hundred and eighty men; and there has been appropriated by acts of Congress, for their pay, equipments, sustenance, and other war purposes, the sum of two billions seven hundred and seventy-four millions nine hundred and twelve thousand eight hundred and eighteen dollars, the greater portion of which, collected to day, would consume more than one-half of the wealth of each individual in the country. This is the legitimate result of Republicanism.

On Half Married.

A short time since, a party of two young ladies and gentlemen visited Squire Curtis, at Greenland, apparently for the purpose of "uniting two fond hearts into one." The prospective groom appeared to be a young man of sanguine temperament, whose ruddy countenance and glowing eye denoted the near approach of the happy hour, when his fondest hopes were to be realized. He thrust a hand in each breeches pocket, placing the right foot firmly forward, and, gazing his head jauntily on one side, gazed first at the Squire, then at his bride's delight, as much as to say—"I've got her!"

The lady sat, the picture of health, with an expression of countenance that told the casual observer, "butcher wouldn't melt" between her ruby lips. There could be seen a suspicious little dimple, however, at each corner of her mouth, that came and went with every leer of a pair of bright, but mischievous-looking eyes—sparkling with roguish restlessness—that told her lover, "he needn't count his chickens before they were hatched."

Now, we do not intend, in the absence of our young friend, Arthur Cannon, to report the dialogue photographically, but we shall take a "reporter's license" for detailing the following dialogue which was commenced by the Squire, who approached the parties, and inquired in his blindest manner:

What can I do for you, young friends?
Groom.—What can you do for us? Why, a darn'd site. Can't be, Sary?
Bride.—Well—I reckon it—if all's willin'!

G.—Willin'! Why, what's up! Ain't 'goin' to gin up now, I hope? You don't mean to say I shan't get married?
B.—Oh, no, John, you've come to get married, and I wouldn't balk you.

G.—Good as gold! There Squire—there's a pattern to begin with—[seizes her, and planting a few that would rival Twitche'll's pop bear]—puts on the harness like a dove. So now, Squire, gear up your fixins and crack your whip.

Squire.—[Rising]—Well, if you are in earnest, I can marry you.
G.—[Impatiently]—In earnest! Of course we're in earnest. Don't play'er so go into it—rip out the service—you know Solomon says, delays are dangerous, keep the feet dry and the head cool, and bid defiance to physicians.

B.—La! John, there's no use of being in such a hurry.
G.—Now, Sary, don't say boof till it's over, let 'em drive. Go at it, Squire—hurry up the cakes—Moderate, but don't aplaye—slow, but all fired artain. Wake snakes—won't Bets Bradford howl when she hears I'm married?

The Squire proceeded slowly in the ceremony, keeping a watchful eye on the intended bride, whose mysterious manner excited a suspicion that a screw was loose somewhere. When, however, he came to the response of the groom, the solemn scene was disturbed by something like a stentorian yell—

G.—Whoop! you better believe it! Of course I'll take 'er—who spates it? What did I come here for! May bat your life on that. Go on, Squire—now give 'er a hazz.

The Squire, in turn performed the service which was to extort acquiescence to her lover's wishes; but, gushing up from the pure fountain of a maiden heart, a "No!" blunted the echoes of Squire and groom.

G.—Great shakin' agens! Sary—what did you say?
B.—No! [The Squire looks perplexed, and Sary, laughing outright, begins to move off.]

G.—Stand your ground Sary! Squire hold 'er. Go on with the service—drive it through, and clinch on 'other side—rivit 'er now.

B.—No you don't. You've no right to complain. You wanted to get married—but I'm not married! So pay the Squire and run home before your 'mamma knows you're out. And away skipped the little jilt, convulsed with laughter.

G.—Great Caesar, Squire, it's your fault. If you'dn't put 'er right through, and hadn't stopped to mince matters, I'd had 'er.

The groom left with rather a rueful countenance, and appeared to be lost in deep meditation, which was only disturbed by the merry peals of a bevy of girls, who saluted him with boisterous laughter, a short distance from the Squire's prominent among them, too, was Betsy Bradford. He is known as the young man who is only half married.

"Why, my dear child," said an anxious mother to a bright-eyed little girl, "what has become of your hoops?"

"Why, ma, I don't mean to wear 'em any more."

"Why not, child?"

Because father says there is a tax on 'em, and I do not want the tacks to scratch me!

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—The Indians believe that the thunder is a huge bird, with green back and gray breast, and that the flapping of his wings causes the thunder (some faint resemblance to the mythological birds of Jove, who carried the thunder in their claws). They imagine that the heavens are supported by four large poles, resembling large trees; that the big bird lives in the west, and is only heard when flying east. This is easily accounted for by the fact of their storms almost invariably coming from the west. They have a superstition fear of the aurora borealis, which they call the "medicine fire." They believe that it has the power of rendering them good shots (an idea arising, I imagine, from the manner in which the rays of light of an aurora dart about in the heavens), and consequently worship it. Of meteors and falling stars they have a great dread; they believe that they are sent by the great warriors who are in the "happy hunting grounds," to warn them of danger.

A young girl loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it, and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

IMPORTANT REQUISITES IN A WIFE.—A knowledge of domestic duties is beyond all price to a woman; every one of the sex ought to know how to sew, and knit, and mend, and cook, and superintend a household.

In every situation in life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement or even elegant accomplishment. A well regulated mind can find time to attend to all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in the household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed—such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in place, cleaning silver, or dusting and arranging the parlor. This should be done occasionally, and not neglected whenever she finds it convenient; she should consider it her apartment. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turns in superintending the household; making puddings, pies, cakes, &c. To learn effectually, they should actually do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them. Many a husband has been ruined for want of these domestic qualities in a wife—and many a husband has been saved from ruin by his wife being able to manage well the household concerns.

Bishop Hopkins, in his book of letters to Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, administers the following terrible rebuke to that clerical dabbler in the dirty waters of Abolitionism: "I am compelled, in obedience to the apostolic precept, to withdraw from your fellowship and to admonish you, yet I wish you to remember that I do so without any personal feelings of resentment. I regard your course with the indulgence due to the extravagance of good men who are for a time demented." In another place, the venerable Bishop of Vermont, referring to Pittsburgh, says: "There I passed eight years of prosperous labor, under the wise and judicious government of the venerable Bishop White, who as yet there was no ultra-abolitionism to raise its voice against the Word of God and the Constitution of our country."

Those were certainly happy days, compared with the present time of rampant abolitionism, anarchy, tyranny and blood. —*Henderson News.*

"Sambo, you black thief, Sambo, you betray dat secret I told you the other day." "I betray de secret! I scorn de putation. I found I couldn't keep 'um, so I tote 'um to somebody dat could."

Says Prentice: If the Abolition women carry out their idea of marrying niggers, there expenses for perfumery will be materially curtailed.

"MILITARY NECESSITY."—ten "ophiters and a gallon of whisky to every 3 privates." —*Josh Billings.*

A paper asked very innocently if there is any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages. Another replies that it depends on the kind of ages selected. Those eighteen to twenty-five it puts down as extra hazardous.

There are at the present time one hundred and three Federal prisoners confined in the military prison at Louisville, who are to be tried before the court-martial there.

The Richmond papers don't like to have Beauregard pitted against Butler. They say it is a "buzzard fighting a grey falcon!"

The State of Maine has just negotiated a loan of two million dollars for 25 years.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of boots and shoes were destroyed by cockroaches on the ship *Guilford Star* from Boston for California.

A SUCCESSFUL RAID.—Josh Billings in his glossary of "war and army phrases" defines a "successful raid" as "cutting off a turnpike within the enemy's lines, and bringing in a blind mule and two niggers, to board."

A TOPEKA STRIKE.—The landlords of Kutztown, Berks county, recently raised the price of "drinks" to ten cents, at which the toppers rebelled, and for a few days astonished their throats with water. This brought the landlords to terms, reduced the drinks to the old price, and the strikers returned to practice at the bar.

John W. Forney, the President's friend and mouth-piece, calls, in the *Philadelphia Press*, adhering to the constitution, clinging to the dead letter of the old unchristian bond.

The sales of tobacco in Louisville for the month of May amounted very nearly to one million and a half of dollars. The sales for this month are expected to be much greater in amount, as they will include the higher priced tobacco exhibited at the fair.

THE DISTINCTION.—The short haired thieves call the Fremonters the long haired radicals. It is considered more "loyal" to have short curly hair, for that's what Sambo has worn for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Comparisons between gold and greenbacks are becoming "odious." To compare them will be to treat gold with disrespect, and to do so damages the standing of the gentlemen of color aforesaid. We therefore propose that gold be ruled off the course, and that that and pewter and greenbacks be started even, and given full sweep to run with patience and diligence the race that is set before them. If this arrangement shall be affected, as it certainly ought to be, we shall avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to stake our "tin" on the pewter.—*Dayton Empire.*

An Indiana Western editor informs a contemporary that he is "either a fool or a knave"—and that he regards it "an act of condescension in permitting him to choose between the designations."

Stop the War.

Amid all the terrible excitement of the war news, it is easy to perceive there is an undercurrent of deep feeling. The people are not so vainglorious as formerly. They are not so certain of victory as they have been on previous occasions; and the brilliant strategy of Lee and the unconquerable heroism of the southern army, extort admiration on every side.

There are many misgivings that the war is a mistake. Never before did the peace party speak out so boldly and so many agree with them: This war must be stopped. Reason has long been silent in the councils of the North. It is time that the men of intellect are learning to take counsel of their conscience. It is time that the slaughter of men be stopped. It is time that the American people raise up empires and demand the impementment of our imbrile President. It is time that the idea of subjugation of a brave people be abandoned.

The peace principle must triumph. The thunder of war must cease. The people must will it. If this war is permitted to go on all liberty is gone; all personal rights swept away, and anarchy and the devil masters of this fair land. Will the people continue to fawn upon this despicable administration, crawl on their bellies in the dirt to please and obey a wretched and bloody tyrant. We confess we are sick of this cowardice, this mental weakness this blind obedience to a corrupt executive, this waiting for better times, policy principle, this stuporous war. Let's done with it. It sickens the heart to think of it; it saddens the soul to witness the cold bloodedness of this unfeeling and heartless administration. Coffin following coffin, hearse following hearse, a hundred and thirty thousand brave fellows gone down to the grave in one short month! And still the din of battle is borne upon the wind. It is time for every man to lift his voice, it is time for every voice to demand a cessation of carnage. This murderous crusade has gone on long enough. —*Hamilton True Telegraph.*

"Beast" Butler: The facts related by Governor Pierpont of Virginia, concerning Ben. Butler, will not surprise any one. When Reverdy Johnson, in 1862, informed the authorities at Washington, after his return from New Orleans, of the corruption and cruelty attending the Administration of affairs in that city, his representations were as unheeded as if they had not been made. If there is a man living who has been guilty of greater cruelty and more shameful prostitution of office than Butler, his record has not been made public. Quantrell has not tortured as many victims, nor with such despicable motives. Butler is possessed of the devil of avarice. He has imprisoned, starved and murdered his victims to get their money. He has stolen from banks, corporations and private dwellings, and organized, with his brother, a black mail system to plunder the Government and extort contributions from all who did business within his lines. The President has been repeatedly informed of his criminal excesses, and the information has been accompanied with evidence which should at once have secured his arrest and trial. She Beast has bullied the Administration with as much confidence and impunity as he has plundered his victims. —*Chicago Times.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following good story. It says:

"How often is it that a red-necked man, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits is suspected of taking a drop now and then. An occurrence which took place recently verifies this fact:

"Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth street, after early breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well-dressed, well-fed gentleman from the country, with—

"Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to take it out to my place for private use."

"Well, sir," said Mr. —, "I am informed that Mr. —, of the Bank Exchange, is au fait in those matters, and will supply you."

So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S — was to be found, continued,

"You have the advantage of me—I don't know you."

"Nor do I know you," replied the stranger "but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found."

Mr. L. bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which exalted, the man's politeness or his impudence.

A paragraph is going the rounds that the women of the South were the cause of the rebellion. Undoubtedly they produced the recruits.

The great question now before the Government Assessor is at what time a lamb becomes a sheep. Sheep, under the revenue law, are taxed—lamb's aren't.

A VAST CARTRIDGE TAKEN.—A loafer having got a heavy load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Showing himself clear by a vigorous effort he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, and a third at his hands, and exclaimed, "Well that's a damned careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"

The Cincinnati *Gazette* to a recent article makes the following important advertisement:

"The Emancipation Proclamation put a weapon in the hands of the enemy, North and South, while it did not emancipate a single slave. The measures taken thus far for its execution have been the continuation of servitude by military force, to await the time when by a loose system of restoration the slaveholding class shall recover control of the State."

A wag recently appended to the market regulations, in Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."